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" THE
SATIRIST,

OR

MONTHLY METEOR.

Ed. by Geo. Hammers

Omne in precipiti vitium stetit : utere velis

Totos pande sinus.


Juv.

Follies and vices uncontrol'd prevail :

To sea, bold Satirist : spread wide your sail !

44

VOL. VII.


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1810.

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British Institution, for he can have no influence there; all painters being excluded from any concern in the direction of the Institution by the express rules of the Society: and as to his abuse of the president for not permitting him to work at the portrait of Mrs. Hope, after it had been hung up in the Exhibition Room of the Royal Academy, it is a privilege which he knows is denied to all but the Royal Academicians, and which, in fact, the president had no power to grant. So false are his ridiculous charges against Mr West: nor is his assertion that Mr. Hope conspired with him to exclude a painting of DUBOST's from the British Institution, less false than ungrateful. The fact, is, that Mr. Hope absolutely endeavoured to obtain the admission of the picture, on the ground of courtesy to a foreigner: but the defects of the work were so glaring, that he failed to obtain his request: and whoever will take the trouble to look at the Venus and Diana, (the picture in question) in DUBOST's exhibition, will not for a moment wonder at the exclusion.

So little reason, even according to his own statement, had this dastardly libeller for his infamous attack on Mr. Hope and his amiable lady: and yet the miscreant dares to talk of legal redress against the brother of Mrs. Hope for the destruction* of his caricature; for it was that gentleman, as we found afterwards, whom we had seen destroy it, and offer for it such proper payment. Yes, let him come into a British court of justice, and he shall feel what it is want only to provoke the venge-

* We have just seen an Advertisement in which DUBOST has the insolence to state that he has repaired his picture and shall in future, to preserve it from violence, exhibit it *through an iron grate*. As we trust he will ere long meet his deserts, we expect to see himself soon exhibited through an iron grate, previous to his being hung up at his proper elevation.

ance of our laws.† But let not the slave imagine that his threats will divert our attention from scrutinizing his secret conduct, or the motives of his continuance in this country, where he knows himself to be an object of detestation. He has, inadvertently, indeed, admitted, that at a time when all communication with England was most strictly prohibited by Bonaparte, he was in the habit of receiving supplies from France. At present we forbear to make the inferences which this admission naturally suggests; and shall conclude with merely telling this slave of Bonaparte, who has crept in among us, that if after the hireling whom he procured from Smithfield to write his pamphlet shall have read this paper to him, he is at a loss to know what we, in common with all who have any regard for truth, virtue, or honor, think of him, or by what name we should most fitly designate him, he may apply to himself the vilest epithet which the genius of revolutionary France, so fruitful in terms of reproach, has invented, and be assured that it will but faintly express his baseness or our contempt.

MR. CALEB BALDWIN, *Donkey Driver, &c.*

WE insert below a letter with this *gentleman's* signature which has been sent to our Office, "it will be read with great interest," and we are heartily sorry that we have been induced to calumniate so respectable a cha-

* Perhaps a liberal jury may award him one *farthing* damages!

racter, by representing him as the associate of certain reforming patriots.*

Satirist Office,

August 21st, 1810.

Sir,

I am sorry to inform you that your reporter, like a many others, is a false man, and if I did not think as you were deceived by him, I should order my lawyer to persecute you for defamation. In your account of Sir Francis Burdett's funeral *percession* and in other parts of your work, I am told (for like *Jail Jones*, I never reads your works) that you accuses me of being one of the patriots, and of keeping company with such as Cobbett, Waithman, Wardle, Soames, and such like, which is as much as to ruin an honest Englishman's character who loves his king and hates Bony, as I do blood and bone. Wherefore I gives this notice, that I am a loyal man and no Burdettite, and I wishes all as be were in *quod* with *Cobbett*, and so no more,

Tothill-street,

From your Sarvant,

Westminster, August 18th, 1810. CALEB BALDWIN,

Donkey driver, &c.

THE ARCH-JUGGLER'S DINNER.

IN our last number we expressed our indignation at the imposition which certain friends of the late Sir Francis Burdett were about to practise, in order to conceal the demise of that patriotic baronet and to cause the dupes of faction to suppose he was still planning and abetting the

* The reporter who deceived us has been discharged.

glorious cause of reform. We did hope that our exposition of their base intentions would have deterred these impostors from attempting to carry their schemes into execution, but we have since found that the impudence of reformers is equal to their infamy, and that, like felons who have figured on the pillory, they pursue their career of villainy with undiminished industry, however public exposure may have decreased the number of their victims. The tall, thin, long-nosed young man who was hired to personate Sir Francis Burdett at the late *reconciliation* dinner (as it was called) accordingly appeared at the Crown and Anchor on the appointed day, July 31st, and having received proper instructions from Messrs. Horne Tooke and Clifford, *inimitably imitated* the *gait* and *manner* of the deceased baronet: he took his seat on the right hand side of the Coventry-street snuff-seller, who acted as chairman on the occasion, and who had previously provided the company with twelve gross of *pipes*; this ingenious contrivance at once protected the countenance of the *arch juggler* from too inquisitive observation, by enveloping it in a cloud of smoke, and caused a profitable consumption of the president's tobacco.—Mr. Bosville had secretly purchased about three hundred tickets, which he distributed among Colonel Wardle, Mr. Clifford, Major Cartwright, and such other beggars and paupers as he knew would go any where for the sake of a dinner, who assembled at an early hour “to declare war against roast beef.” Scarcely had the scramble for seats ceased, when a gentleman was detected by one of the waiters in the act of sliding a silver spoon up his coat sleeve,* this occasioned much confusion, and excited some marks of dissatisfaction, it having been particularly requested by the stewards, that gentlemen of *the*

* A person present assures us that an event of this nature positively occurred.

profession would, for that day only, commit no breach of the 8th commandment.

The president having at length obtained silence, addressed the culprit in the following emphatic words: "Sir, it grieves me sorely to animadvert upon the conduct of any honourable gentleman who has honored us on this memorable day with his company; but really, sir, you should have recollected that there should be honor among thieves (*loud applause*). This is a day of *Jubilee* (some marks of dissatisfaction and cries of *No Jubilee*) I mean of rejoicing! and it is very unbecoming in any patriot on such an occasion to consult his own private interest in the manner you intended. Motives of prudence and delicacy will induce us to pardon your offence, after you have undergone the customary patriotic punishment of such like offences, you will therefore drink a pint bumper of porter to the memory, that is, to the *health* of Sir Francis Burdett."

The offender indignantly swallowed the prescribed penalty, amidst a confused cry of "*No public robbers,*" "*No tyrannical presidents,*" &c. and the assembled patriots proceeded to devour their beef and pudding. After the cloth was removed the president in a tremulous voice, gave as a toast---"*The health of Sir Francis Burdett*"---those who were concerned in the imposition immediately vociferated *bravo! bravo!* and the poor deluded rabble reiterated their shouts.—The hour of trial was now arrived, "*The arch juggler*", with pallid cheek and trembling knees, mounted the table: thrice did he *hem* aloud—and thrice did fear or conscience prevent his utterance: at length, having swallowed a glass of brandy, he uttered a speech, which, had his auditors been in their sober senses, must have inevitably betrayed him.—He talked of Lord Grey's apostacy—asserted that the man who pleaded *experience* as an excuse for changing his political principles was un-

worthy the confidence of *any party*; and in the very next breath applauded the conduct of *William Cobbett** !!! Forgetting that he was personating a patriot who during his whole life had raved about the *blessings* of the *trial by jury*; he declared that recent trials had proved that juries had become the '*engines of despotism*.'—The cozened *patriots* had been induced to believe that they were met at this '*reconciliation*' dinner to hear the baronet, whom the *arch juggler* represented, apologize for his unexpected departure from the Tower, but such was his embarrassment, that, notwithstanding Messrs. Tooke and Clifford had furnished him with some very plausible explanatory *lies*, he totally forgot to say one syllable about the matter.—However, notwithstanding all these palpable proofs of his being an impostor, his idiot auditors were too intent upon their gin and porter to discover they were the dupes of a base and unprincipled faction.—Nay, we will venture to assert that if he had concluded his heterogeneous harangue by proposing the health of *Mrs. Mary Ann Clarke*, they would still have believed they had been listening to the dulcet voice of Sir Francis Burdett.—Alas! if the deceased baronet's ghost were hovering near, how indignant, how *little* must he have felt to hear such incoherent and contradictory nonsense as much applauded as the flowery and furious orations he was once accustomed to deliver—To complete the farce, that *vigilant detector of corruption Colonel Wardle*, and *William Cobbett* and his "TRUE ENGLISH FEELINGS," were drunk with *unbounded* applause. The former patriot mounted the table and, being fond of impostors, bespattered the *arch juggler* with the most fulsome flattery; poor Cobbett, being obliged to dine in Newgate with *Mr. Tha-*

* See *Times Newspaper*, August 1st. and the *Observer* of August, 5th.

mas Torris, the hangman, did not attend, which was extremely fortunate, for his “*true English feelings*” would certainly have been severely wounded by the observation which *the arch juggler* made relative to *experience being no apology for political apostacy*. Of course Mr. Clifford was *beastly drunk*. He reeled into a private room, to which the mock baronet had retired, and exclaimed, “*By G--d, Sir Francis, you have stole my hat.*”—The impostor, to preserve appearances, immediately placed the one he wore on the head of the drunken barrister, who reeled back out of the room.* The whole party, which positively consisted of the most grotesque set of motely vagabonds we ever witnessed, dispersed before twelve o'clock, completely duped by the nefarious imposition which we had endeavoured to expose.

WILLIAM COBBETT,

Deserter, Apostate, false Accuser, Oppressor, and Under-Graduate of Newgate,

HAVING of late, (being instigated by motives of *base lucre*) held up *Napoleon Bonaparte*, the inveterate enemy of his country, as an object rather of admiration than of dread, and wickedly ridiculed and traduced all those loyal Englishmen who have endeavoured to impress their countrymen with a just abhorrence of that sanguinary tyrant, with the view, as it is verily believed, to promote, as much as in him lies, the subjugation of these kingdoms,† we think that the republication of the following

* We most solemnly declare that we verily believe this event actually occurred, as it was related to us by an *eye-witness* on, whose veracity we can rely.

† Cobbett exultingly asks—how he can wish that nation to be conquered in which all his property *lies*? The answer is plain, *Buonaparte* always *promises* and sometimes *grants* indemnity and riches to those who serve him.

article (which was in or about the month of July, 1803, written and published by the said WILLIAM COBBETT) cannot fail of producing beneficial effects—not only by exposing the present apostacy and baseness of its author, but by shewing us the real character and views of the monster, whom he now would fain persuade us to admire and tolerate. For the dissemination of *these* sentiments, in a pamphlet, he received *four thousand* pounds from government, for which sum he *has not yet accounted*.

*Important Considerations for the People of this Kingdom.
Written by William Cobbett, July, 1803.*

At a moment, when we are entering on a scene deeply interesting, not only to this nation, but to the whole civilized world ; at a moment, when we all, without distinction of rank or degree, are called upon to rally around, and to range ourselves beneath the banners of that sovereign, under whose long, mild, and fostering reign, the far greater part of us, capable of bearing arms, have been born and reared up to manhood ; at a moment, when we are, by his truly royal and paternal example, incited to make every sacrifice and every exertion in a war, the event of which is to decide, whether we are still to enjoy, and to bequeath to our children, the possessions, the comforts, the liberties, and the national honors, handed down to us from generation to generation, by our gallant forefathers ; or whether we are at once to fall from this favoured and honourable station, and to become the miserable crouching slaves, the hewers of wood, and the drawers of water of those very Frenchmen whom the valour of our fleets and armies have hitherto taught us to despise ; at such a moment, it behoves us calmly and without dismay, to examine our situation, to consider what are the grounds of the awful contest in which we are engaged ; what are the wishes, the designs, and the pretensions of our enemies ; what would be the consequence, if those enemies were to triumph

over us ; what are our means, and what ought to be our motives not only for frustrating their malicious intentions, but for inflicting just and memorable chastisement on their insolent and guilty heads.

The grounds of the war are, by no means, as our enemies pretend, to be sought for in a desire entertained by his Majesty to keep the Island of Malta, contrary to the treaty of peace, or to leave unfulfilled any other part of his sacred engagements : they are to be sought for in the ambition of the first consul of France, and in his implacable hatred of Britain, because, in the power and valour of Britain, alone, he finds a check to that ambition, which aims at nothing short of the conquest of the world. His Majesty, ever anxious to procure for his people prosperity and ease, eagerly seized the first opportunity that offered itself for the restoration of peace ; but not without remembering at the same time, that their safety, for which it was his peculiar duty to provide, was not to be sacrificed to any other considerations. This peace he concluded with the most sincere desire that it might be durable, and that the conduct of France would be such as to authorize him to execute, with scrupulous punctuality, every one of the stipulations of the treaty. But scarcely was that compact concluded, when the First Consul, at the very time that his Majesty was surrendering to France and Holland the great and numerous conquests he had made from them during the war, began a new sort of hostility upon the weak and defenceless states on the Continent of Europe : Piedmont, a country equal to all Scotland, was added to France : Holland, which had, at the making of the peace, been recognized as an independent nation, became more than ever the object of French rapacity and despotism ; was compelled to furnish ships and stores for French expeditioners, and to feed and clothe French armies ; the only use of which was to keep her in a state of slavish subjection, and to render her an object of serious alarm and real danger to Great Britain. Switzerland was invaded by a French army, which compelled the people of

that once free and happy country, to submit to a government framed at Paris, the members of which government were chiefly composed of men, who had betrayed the liberties of their country, and who were nominated by the consul himself. Notwithstanding, however, all these and several other acts of aggression and tyranny, some of which were highly injurious to Great Britain, and were shameful violations of the Treaty of Peace, still his Majesty earnestly endeavoured to avoid a recurrence to arms; but the consul emboldened by our forbearance, and imputing to a dread of his power, that which he ought to have imputed solely to our desire to live at peace, manifested his perfidious intentions, again to take possession of Egypt, whence we had driven him in disgrace, again to open a road to our possessions in India, there to destroy one of the principal sources of our wealth and greatness.* Not contented with thus preparing for our destruction from without, endeavouring to cut off our intercourse with the rest of the world, shutting, as far as he was able, all the ports of other countries against us, gradually destroying our navigation, commerce, and trade; hemming us up in our own island, and exposing our manufacturers, artizans, and labourers, to the danger of starving for want of employment; not contented with these malignant endeavours, and seeming to regard us as already within his grasp, he audaciously interfered in the management of our domestic concerns; required us to violate our laws by banishing those subjects of the French monarch, who had fled hither for shelter from his unjust and tyrannical government; demanded of us the suppression of the Liberty of Speech, and of the Press, and in a word clearly demonstrated his resolution not leave us a moment's tranquillity, till we had surrendered our constitution, till we had laid all our liberties at his feet, and till, like the Dutch, the Italians, and the Swiss, we had submitted to be governed by decrees sent us from France.

* See *The Political Register* of August 25th, 1810, in which India is declared to be of no value.

Besides the motives of ambition, the desire to domineer over, and to trample upon all the rest of mankind, the first consul has a reason peculiar to himself, for wishing to reduce us to a state of poverty, weakness, submission, and silence ; which reason will be at once evident, when we consider the origin of his authority, and the nature of his government. Having succeeded, through a long course of perfidious and bloody deeds in usurping the throne of his lawful sovereign ; having, under the name of *Equality*, established in his own person and family, a government the most pompous and expensive, while the people are pining with hunger and in rags ; having, with the word *Liberty* continually on his lips, erected a despotism the most oppressive, the most capricious, and the most cruel that the Almighty, in his wrath, ever suffered to exist ; having, by such means, obtained such an end, he feared, that while there remained upon the earth, and especially within a few leagues of France, a people enjoying, under a mild and legitimate sovereign, all the blessings of freedom, while there remained such a people, so situated, he dreaded, and not without reason, that their sentiments and their example would by degrees, penetrate through his forest of bayonets, his myriads of spies, and would, first or last, shake the foundation of his ill-gotten power. He could not, indeed, impute either to our sovereign or to his subjects, any design, much less any attempt to disturb him in the exercise of his usurped authority. We never have interfered, nor have we ever shown any desire to interfere in the concerns of the consul or his republic : and his Majesty, even after all the acts of provocation, all the injuries and insults committed against himself and his people, has now solemnly renewed his declaration, that his object is not to destroy or change any thing in the internal state of other countries, but solely to preserve, in his own dominions, every thing dear to himself and his subjects.

This, however, is not sufficient to satisfy the consul of France ; it is not sufficient that we abstain, both by actions and by words, from exciting discontent amongst those who have the

misfortune to be subjected to his sway ; we must not afford them an example, we must not remain free, lest they should learn lessons of freedom ; we must destroy our ancient and venerable monarchy, lest they should sigh for a lawful and merciful king ; we must not be happy, lest they should covet happiness ; we must not speak, lest our voice should disturb the peace of Buonaparte ; we must not breathe, we must cease to exist, because our existence gives umbrage to a man, who, from the walls of Acre, fled, in shame and disgrace, before a handful of Britons.

Such being the grounds of the war, such the wishes and designs, such the preposterous and insolent pretensions of the enemy, it next behoves us to consider, what will be the consequence to ourselves, what will be our wretched lot, if that enemy should succeed in the invasion and subjugation of our country. Of what the French would, in such case, do here, we may form some judgment, from what they have done in all those countries, where the remissness of the government, together with the pusillanimity of the people, have given them the predominance. There is no country, into which they have been able to enter, where their footsteps have not been marked with blood ; where they have spared either high or low, rich or poor, sex or age ; where terror has not been their forerunner, and where desolation and misery have not marched in their rear. In the long and black catalogue of French cruelties towards the people of other countries, those of the first consul, and of the generals and soldiers immediately under his command, first present themselves to our attention. In 1796 Buonaparte at the head of a numerous French army, invaded Italy, declaring to the people that he came as their friend and their brother, to deliver them from taxes and slavery, and promising them safety for their persons, security for their property, respect for their laws, and reverence for their religion. They listened, they believed ; they threw open their gates, they laid down their arms, they received the Gallic serpent to their bosom, and fatal indeed were the effects

of their credulity ! His reverence for their religion he displayed by giving up all their places of worship to indiscriminate plunder, and by defiling them with every species of sacrilege ; his respect for their laws was evinced, not only by the abrogation of those laws, but by the arbitrary enforcement of an unconditional submission to the mandates of himself and his generals ; the security which he promised to their property was exhibited in enormous contributions, in the seizure of the public funds, as well as those of every charitable foundation, not excepting schools, hospitals, or any other resources for the support of the poor, the aged, and the helpless ; and as to the persons of the unfortunate people, he provided for their safety by laying the whole country under the severest military execution, by giving up the towns and villages to fire and sword, and by exposing the inhabitants to be pillaged and murdered by his rapacious and inhuman soldiers, whom he authorized and even ordered to shoot every man that attempted to resist them, whatever might be the crimes in which they were engaged.

On his return from Italy, which he left in a state of beggary and irretrievable ruin, he prepared for the invasion of Egypt, a country which was at peace with France, and against the people or the government of which, France had no cause of complaint ; but the conquest of this country was necessary, in order to open a road to the Indian possessions of Great Britain. In pursuit of this object, Buonaparte invaded Egypt, where he repeated his promises to respect religion, property, and persons, and where, the more effectually to disguise his purposes, he issued a proclamation, declaring himself and his army to be true Mahometans, and boasting of having made war upon the Christians, and destroyed their religion. One of his first deeds after this act of apostacy, was to massacre almost all the inhabitants of the populous city of Alexandria. “ The people,” says one of his generals, “ betake themselves to their PROPHET, and fill their mosques, but men and women, old and young, and even babes at the breast, ALL are massacred !”

Some time after this sanguinary transaction, Buonaparte hay-

ing made prisoners of three thousand eight hundred Turks, in the fortress of Jaffa, and wishing to relieve himself from the trouble and expence of guarding and supporting them, ordered them to be marched to an open place, where part of his army fired on them with musquetry and grape-shot, stabbing and cutting to death the few who escaped the fire, while he himself looked on, and rejoiced at the horrid scene. Nor were his cruelties, while in Egypt, confined to those whom he called his enemies, for finding his hospitals at Jaffa crowded with sick soldiers, and desiring to disencumber himself of them, he ordered one of his physicians to destroy them by poison. The physician refused to obey, but an apothecary was found willing to perpetrate the deed, opium was mixed with the food; and thus five hundred and eighty Frenchmen perished by the order of the general, under whose flag they had fought; by the order of that very man, to whose despotic sway the whole French nation now patiently submits! Let them so submit, but let us not think of such shameful, such degrading submission. Let us recollect, that this impious and ferocious invader was stopped in his career of rapine and blood by a mere handful of Britons, and was finally induced to desert his troops, and to flee from the land he had invaded, at the approach of that gallant British army, by which Egypt was delivered from the most odious and most destructive of all its plagues. This it is for us to recollect, and so recollecting, shame and disgrace upon our heads, if we do not resist, if we do not overcome, if we do not chastise this rapacious, this bloody-minded tyrant, who has now marked out our country for subjugation, our fields for devastation, and our houses for pillage; and who in the insolence of his ambition, has held us forth to the world, as a meek, a feeble and cowardly race, destined to grace his triumphal car, and to augment the number of his slaves.

Not, however, to the deeds of Buonaparte alone, must our recollection be confined. Not only Italy and Egypt, but Holland, Switzerland, and Germany, and indeed, almost every country in Europe, have been the scenes of French rapine, insult, and cruelty. Holland, formerly the seat of freedom, com-

merce, industry, and affluence, presents at this moment, the sad spectacle of a country divided against itself, torn to pieces by factions, contending, not for the suffrages of the people, but for the favor of France, a country governed by the haughty mandates of a foreign power; awed by foreign arms; holding the remains of its wealth, together with the residue of its military and naval means in constant readiness to be disposed of in the service of another nation, and that nation its ancient and implacable enemy, and now its inexorable oppressor.* When the French armies entered the territories of Holland, their motto was, "*War to the palace, but peace to the cottage.*" They came to deliver the people from their rulers, and from the burthens which those rulers imposed. The Dutch like the Italians, lent an ear to these artful and perfidious declarations, believing that their cottages would be spared, and careless of the fate of their palaces. But alas! they soon found that French rapacity, like the hail and the thunder, fall alike on the thatched roof and the gilded dome.

The palaces once seized on, the cottages soon followed; while all those who were found in the intermediate space, the merchant, the manufacturer, the farmer, and the tradesman, were sunk in one common ruin; happy if, by the loss of their property, they had the good fortune to preserve their lives. Buonaparte is indeed, now, not only the sovereign of the country, not only does he exercise the powers of dominion, but he is, as to every practical effect, the master and the owner of all the people in Holland. These miserable beings possess nothing of their own; they can acquire nothing with the hope of enjoying or bequeathing it; they can make no provision for the weakness of disease, the feebleness of old age, or the helplessness of infancy; they are the mere political drudges of a hard-hearted tyrant, who suffers them to live, only while their labours administer to his projects of ambition, and who, when his purposes demand it, puts an end at once to their toils and their existence.

* Cobbett now asks, "what reason the Dutch have to hate Buonaparte." Pol. Reg. August 25th.

In Switzerland, where high rank and great riches were unknown, where men were nearer upon an equality than in any other country in the world; in a country having no commerce, scarcely any manufactures, and possessing few of the sources of wealth and distinction; a country of shepherds and labourers; a country which might be truly said to contain a nation of poor men; in such a country to cry "*war to palaces*" seemed useless and absurd. Yet did the French find a pretext for war with this poor and harmless race, and for invading and laying waste their territory. The Swiss, from their anxiety to preserve peace, consented to every sacrifice demanded of them by France: they exposed themselves to the hostilities of other nations, by sending away the ambassadors of those nations; they broke off their connexion with some of their most powerful allies; they banished the loyal subjects of their ancient protector the King of France, men whom the ties of gratitude and the laws of hospitality bound them to cherish; and when they had thus exhausted the source of concession, when they could grant no more, because France could find nothing more to demand; when they had humbled themselves in the dust, and degraded the character of their country in the eyes of all Europe; when they had thus done and thus suffered, rather than see their country the scene of war, then did the French invade their territory; then did these restless disturbers of the world march an army into the heart of Switzerland, in order to compel the people to change the nature and the form of their government, and to commit it to the hands of traitors, who had been chosen by France, and by the assistance of whose treachery the French invasion had been effected.*

After having, by means of an armistice, joined to the most solemn promise of respect for persons and property, lulled the people into a state of imagined security, the armistice was broken, and the French pushed on their forces, when those of the Swiss were dispersed. Resistance on the part of the latter, whose

* Cobbett now *feels* that there are traitors who wish thus to betray Old England!

numbers did not amount to a tenth of those of their flagitious enemy, now became hopeless : and though the little army was brave, though the people were faithful and active, though the lost battle was long, obstinate, and bloody ; though the Swiss achieved wonders, and though the women fought by the sides of their husbands inciting them to victory or death, all was in vain, hundreds and thousands perished by the sabres of the French, and while the earth was strewed with their dead bodies, and while the flames ascended from the once happy dwellings of this valiant and innocent people, the hard-earned and long-preserved liberties of Switzerland expired.

Germany, which closes the awful lesson, was invaded by the French in 1796 and 1798. These invasions were attended with crimes too atrocious to be credited, were they not proved by indisputable evidence, and did they not accord with the general practice of the inhuman wretches by whom they were committed. In adverting to these detestable acts of oppression and cruelty, we must recollect, that they were perpetrated upon a people, who had made no resistance of any sort against the invaders, and who in every instance had entered into an agreement with the French generals, to pay them great sums of money, in order to preserve their country from plunder.

In consequence of the ransom thus wrung from the people, the invaders declared, by public proclamation, that the persons and property of the inhabitants should be strictly respected : and that their rights, usages, laws, and religion should remain inviolate and undisturbed. On these assurances, thus solemnly made, the credulous people all implicitly relied, while some of the poorer classes regarded the French, not as enemies, but as their deliverers from taxes and labour. No sooner, however, had the invasion taken place, no sooner had the French become masters of the country, than they spread themselves over it like beasts of prey, devouring every thing before them. They spared neither cities nor towns, neither villages nor hamlets, nor solitary houses. From the church to the cell, from the castle to the cottage ; no state of life, however lofty or

however humble, escaped their rapacious assaults ; no sanctity excited their veneration, no grandeur their respect, no misery their forbearance or their pity. After having plundered the houses of the gentry, the clergy and the tradesmen ; after having pillaged the shops, warehouses, and manufactories ; they proceeded to the farm houses and cottages ; they rifled the pockets and the chests of the inhabitants, cut open their beds, tore up the floors of their rooms, dug up their cellars, searched the newly made graves, and broke open the coffins in hopes of finding secreted treasure.

They sometimes threatened people with immediate death, sometimes put them to the torture, sometimes lacerated and crippled them, in order to wring from them a discovery of their little pittance of ready money. The deepest and most apparent poverty was no protection against their rapacity ; grey hairs and lisping infancy ; the sick, the dying, women in child-bed, were alike exposed to the most barbarous treatment ; dragged from their beds, kicked, wounded, and frequently killed, under pretence that they were the keepers of concealed wealth. The teams and flocks, cattle of every kind, the marauders drove off, cut to pieces on the spot, or left in a state of mutilation ; corn, hay, and straw, they wasted or burnt ; they demolished the household furniture, destroyed the utensils of the dairies, the barns, and the stables ; tore down the gates, levelled the fences. In many places they stripped the clothes from the backs of the people, set their liquor flowing in the cellar, burnt their provisions to ashes. The churches, whether Romish or Protestant, they rendered a scene of indiscriminate robbery, of sacrilege and blasphemy, too shocking to describe : towards women of all ages and all conditions, they were guilty of brutality never before heard of : neither extreme youth nor extreme age ; neither weakness nor deformity ; nor the most loathsome disease ; neither the pangs of labour nor the agonies of death could restrain them ; cries, tears, supplications were of no avail ; and where fathers, husbands, or brothers inter-

ferred, murder seldom failed to close the horrible scene. To spread nakedness and hunger, to introduce misery and disease amongst all ranks, seems to have been their uniform desire ; but the lower orders of the people, the artizans and the labourers, were the objects of their direst malignity ; against them was directed the sharpest bayonets ; for their bodies the choicest torment, for their minds the keenest anguish was reserved ; from one end of the country to the other, we trace the merciless ruffians through a scene of conflagration and blood ; frequently we see them butchering whole families, and retiring by the light of their blazing habitations ; but amongst the poor alone, do we find them deferring the murder of the parents for the purpose of compelling them to hear their children shriek amidst the flames ! Such are the barbarities which have been inflicted on other nations. The recollection of them will never be effaced ; the melancholy story will be handed down from generation to generation, to the everlasting infamy of the republicans of France, and as an awful warning to all those nations whom they may hereafter attempt to invade. We are one of those nations ; we are the people whom they are now attempting to invade : awful indeed, is the warning, and, if we despise it, tremendous will be the judgment. The same generals, the same commissaries, the same officers, the same soldiers, the very same rapacious and sanguinary host, that now hold Holland and Switzerland in chains, that desolated Egypt, Italy, and Germany, are at this moment preparing to make England, Ireland, and Scotland the scenes of their atrocities. For some time past they have had little opportunity to plunder : peace for a while, suspended their devastations, and now, like gaunt and hungry wolves, they are looking towards the rich pastures of Britain : already we hear their threatening howl ; and if, like sheep, we stand bleating for mercy, neither our innocence nor our timidity will save us from being torn to pieces and devoured. The robberies, the barbarities, the brutalities they have committed in other countries, though, at the thought of them, the heart sinks and the blood runs cold, will be mere trifles to what they

will commit here, if we suffer them to triumph over us. The Swiss and the Suabians were never objects of their envy ; they were never the rivals of Frenchmen, either on the land or on the sea ; they had never disconcerted or checked their ambitious projects, never humbled their pride, never defeated either their armies or their fleets. We have been, and we have done all this : they have long entertained against us a hatred engendered by the mixture of envy and of fear ; and they are now about to make a great and desperate effort to gratify this furious, this unquenchable, this deadly hatred. What then, can we expect at their hands ? What but torments, even surpassing those which they have inflicted on other nations. They remained but three months in Germany ; here they would remain for ever : there, their extortions and atrocities were for want of time confined to a part of the people ; here they would be universal : no sort, no part, no particle of property would remain unseized ; no man, woman, or child would escape violence of some kind or other. Such of our manufactories as are moveable, they would transport to France, together with the most ingenious of the manufacturers, whose wives and children would be left to starve. Our ships would follow the same course, with all the commerce and commercial means of the kingdom. Having stripped us of every thing, even to the stoutest of our sons, and the most beautiful of our daughters, over all that remained, they would establish and exercise a tyranny, such as the world never before witnessed. All the estates, all the farms, all the mines, all the lands and the houses, all the shops and magazines, all the remaining manufactories, and all the workshops, of every kind and description, from the greatest to the smallest, all these they would bring over Frenchmen to possess, making us their servants and their labourers. To prevent us from uniting and rising against them, they would crowd every town and village with their brutal soldiers, who would devour all the best part of the produce of the earth, leaving us not half a suffi-

ciency of bread. They would besides, introduce their own bloody laws, with additional severities : they would divide us into separate classes ; hem us up in districts, cut off all communication between friends and relations, parents and children, which latter they would breed up in their own blasphemous principles, they would affix badges upon us, mark us in the cheek, shave our heads, split our ears, or clothe us in the habit of slaves ! And shall we submit to misery and degradation like this, rather than encounter the expenses of war, rather than meet the honourable dangers of military combat, rather than make a generous use of the means which providence has so bounteously placed in our hands ? *The sun, in his whole course round the globe, shines not on a spot so blessed as this great and now united kingdom : gay and productive fields and gardens, lofty and extensive woods, innumerable flocks and herds, rich and inexhaustible mines, a mild and wholesome climate, giving health, activity, and vigour to fourteen millions of people ; and shall we, who are thus favored and endowed ; shall we, who are abundantly supplied with iron and steel, powder and lead ; shall we, who have a fleet superior to the maritime force of all the world, and who are able to bring two millions of fighting men into the field ; shall we yield up this dear and happy land, together with all the liberties and honors, to preserve which our fathers so often dyed the land and the sea with their blood ; shall we thus at once dishonor their graves, and stamp disgrace and infamy on the brows of our children ; and shall we too, make this base and dastardly surrender to an enemy, whom within these twelve years, our countrymen have defeated in every quarter of the world ? No ; we are not so miserably fallen ; we cannot, in so short a space of time have become so detestably degenerate : we have the strength and the will to repel hostility, to chastise the insolence of the foe. Mighty indeed must be our efforts, but mighty also is the meed. Singly engaged against the tyrants of the earth, Britain now attracts the eyes and the hearts of mankind ; groaning nations*

look to her for deliverance ; justice, liberty and religion are inscribed on her banners ; her success will be hailed with the shouts of the universe, while tears of admiration and gratitude will bedew the heads of her sons, who fall in the glorious contest.

AN EPISTLE FROM LORD HELL-TO-PAY TO
MR. W—T—D.

‘ Quid studiosa cohors operum struit ?—HOR.

TELL me, my W—d, for I long to hear
What future deeds now claim thy patriot care,
What in thy murky bosom art thou *brewing*,
The fall of ministers or Britain's ruin ?
What mighty future mischief art thou planning ?
Say, dost thou meditate disgrace or famine ?
O'er Britain's revenues, or crops a blight,
Or conquered armies in disgraceful flight ?
Griev'st thou for brazen Cobbett in disgrace,
Or honest ministers still held in place,
Who love their country and with honors deck her,
Or art thou growling still o'er the Exchequer ?
Grumbling dissatisfied that Yorke reposes
Upon a Teller's thornless bed of roses,
To which thy more deserving self would creep ?
Say do the fangs of Envy wound thee deep ?

• This paper was corrected and improved by the late Mr. Windham

Dost thou not weep to see Napoleon foil'd
 At his own weapons, all his projects spoil'd ?
 Alas ! I know what thou, my friend, must feel
 To see triumphant plow the British keel,
 The breath of commerce fill her swelling sail !
 That prosperous wind's to thee a pois'nous gale
 That mars the speech thou long hast been composing,
 O'er which for months thou hast been fondly dozing,
 Prophetic, hung with metaphors and tropes
 Of "fatal hardihood," and "blasted hopes."
 The vision vanishes that sooth'd thy mind ;
 The baseless dream leaves not a wreck behind.

The rat of state that wak'd thy patriot rage
 Slunk like a sneaking recreant from his cage,
 The filthy reptile skulking from his train
 Stole off *by water* to his hole again :
 Yet forth once more audacious dares to peep
 And hopes the watchful Britons yet may sleep.*
 Vain are such hopes, my friend, we now are blown,
 Patriots are hated when they once are known.—
 All, all is known ! that cursed Mrs. Clarke
 In dire collision struck the fatal spark,
 Blew our deep mine up in the face of day
 And made, as I foretold her, "HELL-TO-PAY"—
 I'd fain persuade but might as well go whistle,
 She gave the world my *elegant epistle*,
 Damning at once my future hopes of fame
 Or in a Patriot's ora Scholar's name.
 —My mask is gone ; in vain I storm and rage
 With hisses driven from my country's stage,

* Query—Is Lord *Hell-to-pay* a *dupe*, or one of the *de-luders* ?

Unless some mighty mischief thou canst brew
Lost is our cause and lost is F—k—he too ;
All, all are lost in ruin and depression,
For justice sudden follows each transgression,
Not only droop the leaders of our band
But e'en our subalterns confounded stand.

Where, where, my W—t—d, dost thou seek retreat ?
Where dost thou shun the dog-star's raging heat ?
Perhaps thy Bedford villa now invites,
Or plunging in the wave thy soul delights
On Margate's beach to cool the patriot fires,
To Ramsgate or to Harrowgate retires ;
But of all places in the map of fame
Newgate's the place to quench the patriot flame.
Within its massive walls a dampness reigns
A cooling vapour for a patriot's veins ;
There e'en the mighty Cobbett numb'd with cold
Strives oft in vain his pois'nous pen to hold,
With tingling fingers vainly aims at libel,
Perhaps foreswears Tom Paine and reads his Bible,
While the malicious rulers of the nation
Hail the great work of genuine reformation.

Say does our Bard, our HOEL, court the Muse ?
Tell me what daring flight he now pursues ?
Courts he in numbers soft the Lydian lyre ?
Or to the strains of Pindar wakes the wire ?
Sings he of THEE, my friend, or *Hell-to-pay* ?
Or tunes to MISTRESS CLARKE th' infernal lay ?
Oh are we not remember'd in his rhymes ?
Live not our patriot names to future times ?

Tell, tell me all—O tell me whether G—y
Turns from a brother still his face away ?

Burns in his mighty heart the sacred flame,
Or turns he from thee with the blush of shame?

O say if any plan thou hast matur'd
Or of thy fickle wav'ring, art thou cur'd?
Say wouldst thou prop the British constitution
Or overturn it in a revolution?
Leave off thy *hocus pocus*—*this* and *that*
Be one or other, either *dog* or *cat*.
Thou seek'st for fame, but if thou would'st attain't
Be *Whig* or *Patriot*—*Devil* be, or *Saint*;
Then with one party thou mayst rise to fame,
But all agree to hate a MONGREL's name—
Push boldly on in one undeviating way
And raise thyself, at once, and
HELL-TO-PAY!

MAJOR SEMPLE.

WE are extremely sorry to find that our reporter has been incorrect, in more than one instance, in his account of the persons who attended the late *Sir Francis Burdett's funeral*; for since the letter signed *Caleb Baldwin* was sent to the press, we have received the following from the renowned *Major Semple*, of the authenticity of which we can positively assure our readers, *as the Major delivered it personally*. We really know not how to apologize to these two gentlemen for having represented them as the associates of such despicable wretches as *Waithman, Tooke, Cobbett, and Wardle*, and have, therefore, inserted their respective epistles without any comment.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SATIRIST.

SIR,

In your last Magazine of wit and loyalty, I observe among your demoniacal dramatis personæ, you allotted a trifling character for me to play, and, had it answered your purpose to have permitted me the privilege of enjoying the company of Bill Soames, Cockney Beau, and other celebrated pick pockets, I should not have complained of the company you placed me in; but to handcuff me to Waithman, the demagogue of the city rabble, to make me the associate of the lunatic Bardett, the arch impostor Wardle, the sturdy Cobbett, and the strawberry-hunting Napper Tandy Lord, I must confess has deranged my nerves, and I cannot help feeling some resentment against the man who would strip me even of the pretensions of a gentleman, by levelling my principles to the vices of men, with whom depravity itself must blush to confess an acquaintance. Had you gleaned the Hulks at Woolwich, emptied the cells of Newgate, and placed me in the front of the worthy persons so collected, I would have led them to pay their devotions to the gibbet of Abershaw, sooner than have appeared among a regicidal, miscreant horde, who would dethrone the King and deluge the country in blood! Where was the necessity of your making me a partner in the tinsel patriotism of Sheriff Wood? it was an honor I did not aspire to, as I could have gratified my ambition upon terms less painful, by extolling the patriotism of a better man, *Jack Ketch*. You will permit me, sir, to say I can readily forgive any crime except treason to my King and Country, and therefore promptly forget the indignity you have offered me, in the full persuasion that you dealt a trifling injury to an individual for the purpose of rendering your country an essential service.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient humble servant,

23d August, 1810.

JAMES GEORGE SEMPLE LISLE.

BRIGADIER GENERAL CRAWFURD

And the Light Brigade of our Army in Portugal.

WE have, upon many occasions, manifested our contempt and abhorrence of those factious reptiles, who labour with pertinacious malignity to asperse our gallant troops and the enterprizing general under whom they have reaped such a glorious harvest of unfading laurels; the animadversions, therefore, which we are about to make on the conduct of the officer who commands the light brigade of our army in Portugal, can only result from a sincere and earnest desire to serve our country's cause.

Perhaps there never was a general in the British army who attended more to the comforts and happiness of his troops than the conqueror of Talavera, and most certainly never was a commander more ardently beloved. Discipline, strict discipline, is absolutely necessary; there is, however, a wide difference between a strict disciplinarian and what is technically denominated a *Martinet*. The former compels every man to do his duty, but he enforces his commands in a manner which makes the soldier obey them with chearfulness and alacrity: while the latter is continually harassing him with vexatious and capricious orders; allows him neither indulgences nor harmless recreations, never considers his physical disabilities nor his local disadvantages, and, in short, has recourse to every means which can render himself *dreaded*, and those who are under him *uncomfortable*. We will not take upon ourselves to say that Brigadier-general Crawford is a person of this latter description: he must have seen too much service in Eu-

hope, and in the convent at Buenos Ayres, not to be fully aware of the advantages to be derived from the love and confidence of his troops; he must know that an army harassed on a fatiguing march, by unnecessary *punctilios of discipline*, (such as making a man, who happened to move a few inches out of his line to avoid being up to his middle in water, walk twice or thrice through a deep river,) will seldom display that alacrity and spirit, if suddenly called into action, which they would do if no such vexatious punishments had been inflicted. We do not profess ourselves competent judges to decide what may, or what may not be, necessary measures of discipline, but we have heard officers, better acquainted with the subject than ourselves, (who belong to General Crawford's light brigade) declare they were unable to discover what benefit could result from having one of the best and steadiest regiments * in the service *out two hours*, in the heat of the day, and in the evening, to practice *right and left hand salute*, merely because five or six men of the same regiment had neglected to put down a HEAVY cask of wine (which they had on their heads, and to support which required the assistance of both hands) in order to salute the Brigadier, whom they chanced to pass while thus employed; and this too at a time when the enemy were marauding within a very few miles of the place. We are great sticklers for proper marks of veneration being shewn by soldiers to their superiors, but, surely, this was rather calculated to inspire contempt, than to enforce respect. A man serves but a few months in the army before he knows when he is punished or reprimanded deservedly;—and we have heard some of the most experienced officers in the British service

* The 95th, or Rifle Regiment.

declare, that nothing would render any man more despicable in the eyes of a good soldier, than attempting to mitigate the established military punishments, because the latter is fully aware that they are absolutely necessary to prevent the insubordinate and profligate from disgracing his profession.

Of Brigadier-general Crawford's military talents, we shall say but little: however, from what we have learnt from the corroborating testimony of several letters which we have received from officers under his command, we cannot discover (of course in consequence of our ignorance of military tactics) the wisdom of his conduct on two very recent occasions. One of these letters, from an officer of experience contains the following passage:

"The situation of the piquets (of the light brigade) were most extraordinary, their distance much too remote from the main body to give alarm had the enemy attempted to cut them off, which could have been done with ease; and the orders they had in writing would have disgraced the youngest subaltern in the army. I shall soon let you have them with *other particulars*. During the siege (of *Ciudad Roderigo*) the Brigadier used to amuse himself with ordering the artillery to build little batteries and then pull them down again, annoying the enemy's foraging parties now and then by bringing a *six pounder* against them, &c. I shall give you an account of a recent affair which will enable you to judge of his capacity to command in action, but I must first tell you how much his command is increased. He has now eight squadrons of cavalry, viz. the whole of the 14th Light Dragoons, 2 squadrons of the 16th, and two squadrons of the German Hussars, besides a whole brigade of horse artillery, a brigade of Portuguese, the 95th (rifle) and the other light infantry regiments as usual. A few nights ago, he suggested to himself a plan of cutting off a piquet of the enemy, which was stationed at *Barquilla*, and

for this purpose ordered *eight* squadrons of cavalry, seven companies of the rifle corps, two companies of the 52d, one battalion of Portuguese Casadres, and two pieces of horse artillery, to march from their stations, (Aldea de Bisps, Val de la Mula, and the neighbourhood) at 11 o'clock at night, and to preserve the most profound silence during the march: they soon got to their destination, a few hundred yards from the village where the enemy were supposed to be, who it appeared withdrew their piquet at night and returned in the morning: about sunrise between 30 and 40 cavalry and about two companies of infantry, were observed to come to the village, who immediately threw out their *videttes* to the top of the hill behind which the rifle corps and 52nd were lying, and a shot or two was exchanged between our *videttes* and the enemy's. Upon which our cavalry rushed out on all sides and surrounded them; the enemy's cavalry surrounded by twenty times their number, surrendered without a struggle, and no doubt the infantry would have done the same, but, as General Crawford ordered the cavalry *only* to charge, they threw themselves into a solid square and completely succeeded in resisting six squadrons, who made the attempt, and were then permitted to walk off without further molestation; having killed Lieutenant Col. Talbot, and a quarter-master of the 14th Light Dragoons, besides about 30 noncommissioned and privates, and 20 horses: all that was gained by this immense sacrifice was two officers and 34 dragoons. The enemy's infantry did not lose a man, although nearly 1000 of our light troops lay within a few hundred yards, but they *had no orders to act*: if they had, not a Frenchman could have escaped."

We shall make no comments upon this authentic document, but content ourselves with observing that the writer is not only a brave officer but an excellent scholar, and universally respected for his gentlemanly conduct.— We have likewise seen letters severely animadverting on the brigadier's disposition of his forces at the late battle

near the river Coa ; he is not only blamed for having passed the river at all, the passage of which he could have defended from the opposite declivities, but for having ascended the opposite heights. Our troops had gloriously beaten the French, who were retreating, till they saw that he, instead of protecting his rear with cavalry as he was retiring over a plain, had ordered one or two subdivisions of infantry to perform that duty, upon which their horse immediately came to the right about, charged this very inferior force and took a whole subdivision prisoners.—We hear that Lord Wellington has expressed his disapprobation of this affair in very strong terms. The defence of the bridge over the Coa is, however, universally allowed to have been one of the most gallant achievements of the present war. We shall now relate an anecdote of a different description, which we have heard from an officer well acquainted with all the parties concerned. The Brigadier had contracted with one of the most respectable merchants in Portugal for 60 pipes of wine which were sent in the usual way, on sledges, to the place appointed, many leagues distance: in consequence of the jolting, &c. of this long journey the wine was in a considerable state of fermentation, and consequently very thick—the Brigadier however tasted it immediately, insisted that it was not according to the sample, and actually refused to pay much above two thirds of the stipulated price. As the merchant from whom it was purchased is universally respected for his honesty, this has excited a very unfavourable impression against the English, who, instead of being adored in the neighbourhood where the transaction occurred, are now scarcely treated with common civility.—These things should certainly be inquired into ; for it is of the utmost consequence to the cause in which we are engaged, that every possible exer-

tion should be made to conciliate the confidence and the affections of the Portuguese, and to contribute to the comforts of our army.

We know that Lord Wellington is indefatigable in his endeavours to promote these important matters, and we are anxious that every officer under his command should be influenced by his wise and meritorious example.

TO MESSRS. BUDD AND BAGSHAW, PUBLISHERS OF
THE POLITICAL REGISTER,

SIRS,

COBBETT having, in his late mendicant address to his readers, declared his intention of selling *complete sets* of his *Register* to all who are idiots enough to pay 25½ guineas for the same, and having also mentioned your names as his publishers, I trust you will thank an unknown detester of that odious advocate of Buonaparte and sedition, for cautioning *you* against selling any volume or number containing the infamous libel, for the writing of which he is now doing penance in Newgate, for you will be liable to a fresh prosecution for every copy you dispose of; and you may be assured that upon conviction your punishment will be ten times severer than that to which you were recently sentenced; as you cannot, in future, plead ignorance in mitigation.

I am, SIRS,

Not YOUR enemy, but a traitor's.

August 12th, 1810.

KETCH AND COBBETT.

MR. SATIRIST,

POOR Mr. Thomas Torris, alias Jack Ketch, who has, for many years given universal satisfaction by his impartial performance of the arduous duties of his office, is, I am sorry to state, in a very dangerous state of health : and what renders his threatened dissolution particularly alarming to the gentlemen in the condemned hole, is a report which has just reached them that *Mister* WILLIAM COBBETT intends offering himself as a candidate for his situation. Alas, Sir, we know he has so much interest with Mr. Sheriff Wood and all the scamps of Newgate that an honest and more humane character would stand no chance against him, and therefore we are anxious to know from you whether the said *Mister* COBBETT is not disqualified for the office, being himself *under sentence*. —I do assure you, Sir, that all Newgate is most seriously interested in this question, and we hope you will consider the same with due deliberation, and signify your opinion in the next number of *the Satirist*. I am, Sir, for self and partners.

A CONVICTED CRIMINAL,

Condemned Hole,
"State Prison of Newgate,"
 August 26th, 1810.

✍ We have paid considerable attention to the above knotty question, and after the most profound deliberation, and the most laborious examination of *Mister* WILLIAM COBBETT'S recent works, feel ourselves bound to declare that he is, in our opinion, qualified in every respect for Mr. Jack Ketch's LINE of business, and we

have no doubt that he will, after a *proper trial*, be deemed worthy of elevation to that gentleman's *exalted post*.

SATIRIST.

THE SATIRIST AND THE DEBATERS.

It is all over with you, friend Sat; you may shut up shop, and go to sleep: the Privy Council of the British Forum have ordered that an embargo be laid on your wit: by the Cateaton-street decree your jibes and jeers are declared contraband. How could you be rash enough to expose yourself to the vengeance of this awful tribunal, by attacking, as you have done, men so highly esteemed by it, as Messieurs Finnerty, Elrington alias Sedley, Hague, Cobbett, Bill Soames, and John Gale Jones? I read the paper which summoned you to appear in the face of day, and defend such atrocious conduct before the venerable judges of Cateaton-street; and as you did not appear, and perhaps know nothing about the matter, I will relate the proceedings to you, that you may know in what predicament you stand.

The hour appointed for trial was eight o'clock in the evening: and I was punctual to the time, for I was not aware till I entered the room of justice, that this was in fact more than an hour before the sitting of the court; it not having occurred to me, as it might naturally have done, that the judges could not leave their shop-boards and get on their Sunday suits before nine. I was not much pleased to think that I should have more than an

hour to wait in a large gloomy half-lighted room, but felt some consolation in the idea that I had at least secured a good seat, of which from the accounts in the placards of crowded and overflowing audiences, I had some doubt before I arrived at the scene of debate. I had formed no conception, however, of the prelude, with which I was to be entertained during this interval of waiting.— I had not been seated ten minutes when my ears were assailed with such an inharmonious burst of choral sounds as I was well aware could proceed only from some amatory feline association, or some assembly of Saints celebrating a love-feast. I did the cats wrong by the supposition; but I was right as to the *dear people*. I learned that in an adjoining room, which had a door of communication with the room in which I was, there was a sweet nursery of babes of grace, who regularly met there to enjoy the spirit previous to the commencement of the debate, and that they were now probably singing a song of triumph on account of the victory they had obtained a few nights before over such sinful mockers as you, Mr. SATIRIST, by having issued a decree from the tribunal of the British Forum declaring METHODISM to be a blessing to the country. Or else, thought I, they are applying to the spirit to enable them to fight the good fight, this evening, and smite their most potent adversary. I was amused to think that the place of assembly, which was the old *Paul's Head Tavern*, was still applied to its original destination, though I questioned if it had not grown disorderly, since it had lost its regular licence.

At length the discord ceased, and, after about half an hour's longer waiting, nearly a hundred people had assembled in the room, where I was. It has been frequently asserted that artisans and men of handicraft

trades, as tailors, cobblers, hair dressers, &c. may be easily known by a certain peculiarity of gait or manner : I was this night fully convinced of the truth of the observation. I would have undertaken at the time to have classed the whole company according to their different trades, but I do not recollect now whether I counted most tailors or hairdressers.

A short time longer had elapsed, when on a sudden a violent clapping of hands seemed to announce the entrance of some person of importance: it was Mister Gale Jones, who may properly be stiled the gaol bird, and though he prates much about liberty, seems never to be so much gratified as when he is encaged. It is but lately that he was turned out of Newgate, and yet a prison has such an attraction for him, that he no doubt thinks it extremely hard that the long vacation should intervene between his late conviction and his impending sentence.

The bustle which his entrance occasioned had subsided, and another long pause of inaction ensued. It appeared that there was some difficulty in obtaining a person to sit as chairman ; a waiter went several times round the room, soliciting some one to assume the dignity, but no one seemed ambitious of the honour. I never saw such modesty in hair-dressers before. At length a door opposite to that at which the company had entered, was opened ; I learned that it was the door which communicated with the room, where the Saints, whose melodious chaunting I had heard, assembled. From this door there issued a little surly-looking old fellow in black, who shuffled along to the top of the room, and ascended the president's chair. I was told that his name was Bennett, that he was a gospel minister, and had just before been pouring out the overflowings of the spirit to the dear people in the other

room, who had now girt up their loins, and were come with him to smite the sinful Satirist even unto death, as Sampson of old smote the Philistines. The saint who sat next me, was very communicative; and was proceeding with his anticipated triumph, when, perceiving by the well-known turning up of the whites of his pastor's eyes, that he was about to speak, he begged me to listen attentively, for I should hear a fine man.

The gospel minister, elevating in his pious hands the hammer of his office, in a deep sanctified drawl, talked much of his feelings on being elevated to "his present station, which he professed to accept merely *to accommodate Mister Gale Jones*, as that gentleman's regular chairman was unfortunately prevented from attending, by circumstances which might easily be guessed, and which it was therefore unnecessary for him to specify. But he begged gentlemen to reflect that there was no room for argument on the present question, as there could be but one opinion of such an infamous work as the SATIRIST, and he would therefore request that gentlemen would be as short in their observations as possible, for the night was already far spent, and he had other duties to attend to. He would, however, for form's sake read the question proposed.

This he accordingly did; and it was, as nearly as I recollect, for I have not the paper by me now. "Whether the SATIRIST should be admired as supporting the cause of virtue, loyalty, and good government, and exposing the profligacy of pretended patriots, or reprobated as traducing the characters of virtuous individuals, and supporting a nefarious system of speculation and corruption." The last No. was pointed out as being particularly offensive to Messrs. Cobbett, Finnerty, Gale Jones, and others, and you,

Mr. Sat., were summoned to appear and defend yourself — Now here was an opportunity for distinguishing your resolution : the room was avowedly Mister Gale Jones's debating shop, the debaters were his partizans and customers, and the chairman was one of the plect : it is almost as extraordinary that you did not attend, as if a judge were summoned before the convicts in Newgate to defend himself against a charge of an attempt on their lives, and should refuse to obey it. You are certainly strangely unaccommodating.

Another pause succeeded the chairman's address, and a clattering of sticks and feet announced the impatience of the assembly, when at length up rose Mister John Gale Jones, and all was hushed. As he continued to talk for more than an hour and a quarter, I shall not trouble you with all that he said ; the substance of it may be exhibited in a very small compass ; I can liken his speech to nothing so fitly as a drop of extract of lead diluted with a quart of water. I am aware that the compression, which, in reporting, I am obliged to apply to his speech may give it something the appearance of common sense ; and as I would not willingly do him this injustice, I have endeavoured even in its reduced state to preserve as much as possible its reality and character.

“ It was not my wish or inclination,” said the orator, “ to have opened this debate, because the Satirist has personally attacked me and my friends, and I did not wish to be personal, which I do not see how I am to avoid ; and though as I say I am personally concerned in this question, it gives me pleasure to see, though it may certainly seem strange that I should say so, that so very few attend our debate this evening, because it proves to a mathematical demonstration that notwith-

standing the boasts of the editor, there is nobody that cares about him or his Satirist; it proves that nobody reads it, and I will venture to assert that there are not five people in this room who have ever seen or heard of it: and this I can the more safely undertake to say, since I have never seen above one or two numbers myself, and these were put into my hands during the martyrdom which I lately suffered in the cause of liberty in Newgate: but it is very well known that this Satirist is the declared enemy of every patriot, who has the honour to be an object of the tyranny of the law: the virtuous Arthur O'Connor, the disinterested Cobbett, the high-minded Finerty, the true Englishman Hague, and I, humble as I am, have ever been the chief objects of the Satirist's abuse. Is this to be endured? Every page of his work is full of gall and wormwood; and though he makes great pretensions to elegance, he has no manners, but bad manners. In the very last number there is an expression, which is certainly very often to be heard in St. Giles's and in Billingsgate, but which I do not know how to repeat in this assembly*, though to this very assembly it was directly applied: yes, this elegant Satirist speaks of "*the Forum's jaw*;"† meaning the debate of this enlightened assembly; now, Sir, was there ever any thing like *jaw* heard here: are we to be ridiculed and then told that no word can be found to characterize our debates so well as the term *jaw*? What mercy does this Satirist expect at our hands after this? Has he not forfeited all claim to any: would not this instance of his gross injustice be suf-

* Probably the orator's hesitation arose from the principle of not mentioning a halter in the family of a man that has been hanged.

† See *Elegy in Newgate*, SATIRIST, No. 35.

ficient to condemn him here? But I shall produce one other specimen, that he may not say we condemn him on single grounds, or for one expression pass sentence on a work of several thousand pages. I have a number in my pocket, from which I will read an extract, and then leave it to this assembly to determine whether this work should not be execrated. Here is a list of names, that the Satirist jeeringly calls **BURDETT'S WORTHIES**, with a pretended character affixed to each name. Mr. Cobbett, whom by an enlightened decision, at your last meeting, you pronounced to be a distinguished patriot, is here most grossly vilified; so is Mr. Wardle, Mr. Waithman, Mr. Finnerty, and Mr. Roger O'Connor,* the brother of the noble-minded Arthur O'Connor, who will be placed high on the list of patriots by the impartial hand of history. But what shall we say to the infamous attack upon Mr. Henry Clifford, who is characterized as "the drunken barrister and gin-drinking companion of "Jew King." Now I will undertake to aver that this a calumny on two distinguished persons, the falsehood of which I positively know; for Mr. King, though he has, it is true, a very black face, never drinks any thing stronger than water, and Mr. Clifford never drinks any thing so weak as gin. Are such slanders to be endured? But what, think you, has the miscreant said of Mr. Sheriff Wood? whose name, I am sure, I cannot mention without exciting gratitude in many that I now see near me, who have experienced his kind humanity as visitor of the prisons of this metropolis: why this villainous mercenary Satirist attacks him on the score of his profession;

* The orator launched out into a long and separate eulogy on each of these worthies, which would be here as much out of place, as it was distant from truth.

he styles him a "brewer's druggist; one who sells opium, coculus indicus, and other narcotic and pernicious drugs to put into beer." Now is not this most villainous? Opium a pernicious drug! Why I have somewhere read that opium is the gift of God, and have often myself experienced its benign influence. Would Lord Erskine, that glorious luminary of the law have ever attained his present eminence, if he had not swallowed ounces of opium? I declare it to be the very perfection of Sheriff Wood's character that he does sell opium: and at the same time I pronounce the work of this celebrated editor, to be libellous, scurrilous and detestable; full of the grossest licentiousness and blasphemies, of the most pernicious and wicked tendency; destroying the virtue of the body politic, and corrupting the morals of private society; upheld in its dangerous pursuit by a profligate legislature, and screened by a partial executive; maintained out of the public purse to abuse the public: in short from beginning to end one tissue of slander and indecency and despotic declamation, which to read would shock the ear of truth, the eye of modesty, and the heart of patriotism. The Satirist is safe in the courts of law, but here he will find that judgment proceeds on different principles. The attorney-general may scoffingly call this a mock tribunal: let the event of this night teach him to be less contemptuous: I confidently call on this assembly for the reprobation of the Satirist."

Here Mister Gale Jones sate down, and another orator arose, who spoke at some length and with considerable ability on the other side of the question. He observed that the orator who opened the debate had travelled out of the record; for the Satirist was indicted specially on the last number, whereas he had referred to one several

months back. He undertook to shew, besides, that the characters given in the Satirist, of Cobbet, Waithman and the rest, were just; but he was twice interrupted and called to order by the saintly chairman for speaking too highly in your praise, friend SAT. I was told his name was Wright, and that he had ably vindicated you on a former debate.

After this speaker rose a stout Hibernian, who was known, it seemed, by the appellation of *muffin-faced Pat*. As his harangue was short and characteristic, I will report it to you, verbatim from my notes.

"A very pretty question to be sure now," said he, "this is, hearts; and a pretty gentleman is Mister Satirist too. We have had a little bit of a debate before, only it was not here, because you see now it was at another place. And when Mister Satirist was told what we would be at, by my soul there was a parcel of as *nate* lads as could be picked out of the horse guards brought to the room, heart! and there they was up in a corner, the printer and the publisher and the printer's devil too, honey, and the whole squad of them: but the devil a word had the spalpeens to say for their own dirty selves: but a most beautiful hooting and groaning they made sure now, hah! But there was a gentleman, that had got a bottle of Madeira from Mister Satirist, to speak in his favour, and I say it now to his face, whether he is here or not. And there was an officer of the battalion of testimony* that got

* This is a corps of which I did not know the existence; though the allusion seemed to be perfectly understood and relished by the Forum judges. Perhaps it may be another name for the corps of witnesses that attend at the Old Bailey, with straw in their shoe, as a symbol of their profession, who undertake to swear any thing, and who are known by the name of *Buffers*. In Ireland they are very common.

up and moved for an adjournment, and carried it; and what was it for but only to make a noise about the Satirist, in the mean time to sell more of it: and I should not wonder if the same thing was to be done now, for Mister Satirist is but in a bad way, d'y'e see. But as I was after telling you about our other debate, there by my soul they had got somebody that took down every word that came out of our mouths, and put them all into the next number, and I dare say they will do so now; and so let 'em say I, devil burn 'em. And, there, because we called ourselves the Robin Hood, to be sure the caricaturist had not drawn all our beautiful faces at full length, picking one another's pockets as natural as life, hearts! and there we were exposed in the windows for months, and every body said the likenesses were prime.* But it quite knocked up the Robin Hood, as clean as a blackbird; but it brought Mister SATIRIST quite into notice: but I believe he is getting into a decline now, and I should not wonder if he had given the gentleman, that this debate belongs to, a crown or some such matter, to talk about him here, though I know the gentleman is not to be bribed. And is not it a great piece of scandal to England, and to Ireland too, that this work should be spread abroad as it is, and should be supported by government, as the gentleman that opened the debate, proved. And so, as I have shewn that Mister Satirist is a rogue, and a libeller, and an orange-man, and worse too, I hope you wont spare him, hovies. I can tell you he is in the church-yard† already, and has got the church-yard cough, so only give him a good big whack on the back, and you will do his business."

As the orator sate down, the chairman rose and express-

* See Satirist, Vol. IV. page 1.

† Alluding, evidently, to our removal to our present office in St. Clement's Church-yard,

ed his extreme satisfaction to learn that the Satirist was indeed in the church-yard ; he hoped that it would soon be taken into the church and buried in its grave. I had not recovered from my surprize which this extraordinary conduct of the chairman threw me into, when my attention was suddenly arrested by a handsome well-dressed woman, whom I had not before observed, but who now began to speak. I asked who she was, but found that she was a perfect stranger. Indeed her appearance and manner plainly shewed that she did not often condescend to such society. With a smile of the most contemptuous irony, and a tone of the most cool and deliberate sarcasm she thus began :

“ Mr. Chairman, when I look around me and behold the grave intelligence and dignified wisdom implanted on the countenance of those, who are to sit as judges on this interesting question, I feel assured that the judgment they will pronounce will be as much distinguished by reason and impartiality as the orations we have heard have been by eloquence and argument. But though I appreciate thus highly the talents and disposition of this assembly, I would venture to suggest that there are some limits even to the most perfect intellect : I would submit, with great deference indeed to your better reason, Mr. Chairman, that to form a just judgment of any subject, it is necessary to be in some measure acquainted with it. Now, though I had understood that the Satirist was rather a popular publication, as I am a stranger to this assembly I cannot attempt to refute the assertion of the eloquent gentleman who opened the debate, that there are not *five persons in this room* who have ever read a line of that work. I am willing to think with him that it may never have fallen into their hands, or if chance has thrown it in their

way, they have turned aside from it either from fear or dislike. Those, who had heard a bad character of the work, and might dread its effect on their morals, would probably avoid it as they would contagion: those who feared to see themselves ridiculed in it, would start from it as instinctively as an author does from a bailiff. For after the character of immorality, which in such glowing terms of indignant denunciation we have heard alledged against the SATIRIST, it were a gross libel on the morality of the virtuous citizens here assembled; it were an insult to the delicacy of the female part of this meeting to imagine that the purity of their minds can ever have been contaminated by the perusal of such a work. And, as it has been so confidently stated that the SATIRIST only aims its shafts of ridicule against the most virtuous and distinguished members of society; to suppose that the work is generally read by those, whom I have now the honour to address, would force us to conclude either that they are fond of seeing themselves ridiculed, or to believe against conviction, that in this assembly there are few either virtuous or distinguished. If then, we are to attach any credit to the eloquent philippics we have heard thundered against the SATIRIST, we cannot, consistently with any regard to our own character, acknowledge any acquaintance with the work. So that the discussion of the question seems to involve us in an awkward dilemma, and we find ourselves called upon to pass judgment on a subject, of which at the time we are compelled to profess our utter ignorance. I trust it will never be permitted to any one to cast such a slur on the gravity of your proceedings: for if, under the present circumstances, you should proceed to judgment, what value or importance could the public attach to your decision? I would humbly propose,

therefore, if the question cannot consistently with the forms of this society, (with which I acknowledge myself utterly unacquainted) be altogether dismissed, I would propose that an adjournment,"——(Here there was a laugh among the Hibernian orator's friends, which the lady observing archly added) "I beg it to be understood that I am not *the officer of the battalion of testimony*, alluded to by the witty orator on the other side of the room, nor am I a private in that corps; I propose that an adjournment take place, in order that all those who are not afraid of the consequences, to which I have alluded, may procure copies of the SATIRIST, that by a careful perusal of its contents, they may come with minds properly prepared to pass the judgment now called for.---This at least, is reasonable on your parts; and then, whatever may be your decision, the SATIRIST will have no reason to complain; since at all events he will sell so many copies of his work, and if we believe the character that has been given of him to night, he will prefer your money to your good opinion."

The fair orator ceased to speak, and a death-like silence for some minutes ensued. I never saw a set of poor devils look so sheepish before; but they at length rallied spirits to negative the motion, and the chairman asked if any other *gentleman* wished to deliver his sentiments. Upon this the lady rose again and observed "that she had reason to complain of the conduct of the chairman; that she had been induced to speak there from having understood that it was customary for ladies to do so; that the chairman however had constantly, and even after she had spoken, exclusively addressed the gentlemen, so that any other lady present, who might have been inclined to enter into the debate, was by this

“ means perhaps prevented. This conduct of the chairman, she therefore submitted, was grossly partial and disorderly.”

This rebuke drew an awkward apology from the saintly chairman, and produced some confusion in the assembly. At length Mister Gale Jones rose to close the debate ; and after some incoherent babble the question was loudly called for. Those who came merely to laugh now walked away : but the saints, and those who were to divide with Mister Gale Jones the shillings that had been taken, passed sentence of condemnation on the SATIRIST, which was promulgated a few days afterwards in a placard, pasted on every conspicuous corner of the metropolis. After reciting the sentence, which was said to have been pronounced by a most *numerous and respectable* assembly, the placard stated, “ That at the close of the debate an elegant and accomplished lady, *supposed to be intimately connected with the editor of the Satirist*, rose, and after several observations delivered with considerable animation, proposed an adjournment, recommending that in the interval the company should purchase the work : but as they had had a sufficient specimen of its merits from the gentleman who opened and closed the debate, the recommendation was negatived unanimously.”

I have now, friend SAT., detailed for your information the progress and event of this most solemn trial ; in which they, who complained of your injustice, were at once prosecutors, judges, and jury ; in which the only person who attempted to speak in your defence was interrupted and called to order, and a lady, who ridiculed their whole proceedings, was directly accused of being intimately connected with you. So much for the candour and impartiality of these twelve-penny patriots. If to their other

functions they could add that of executioner, you might entertain some apprehensions of the effects of their revenge: at present you can only laugh at their impotent malice. I had at first thought of giving you a burlesque account of their proceedings, but I found it impossible to imagine any thing so ridiculous or absurd as the truth. In the above account, therefore, I assure you, that I have adhered strictly to facts; if it is defective in any thing, it is, that the ridiculous is not prominent enough.

Yours,

CIVIS.*

* As our friend '*Civis*' appears to have taken some pains with this elaborate account of a very contemptible assembly, we have given it insertion, otherwise we should have considered the vermin beneath our notice.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We never received the *moral* novel which a **CONSTANT READER** alludes to; we will thank him to inform us where it was left.

Several Members of Parliament having complained that their names were unjustly inserted in the Opposition Lists, published in our 34th number, we beg leave to state that they are copied *literatim* from the lists of the St. Alban's-street Conspirators, who alone are to blame for the wrong *classification*.

Several correspondents' favours have been received, to which all possible attention shall be paid.

REVIEW OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

FIAT JUSTITIA!

The Trial at large of an Action brought by Edward Loveden Loveden, against Thomas Raymond Barker, Esq. for Criminal Concersation with Mrs. Loveden, in which the Damages were laid at £10,000, &c. Taken in Short-hand by Mr. Gurney. Printed for Sherwood, Neely, and Jones, Paternoster-row. 1810. pp. 222.

WE are not in the habit of noticing publications of this nature in the *Satirist*, but our attention has been so forcibly arrested, by the iniquities developed in the pages of this pamphlet, that we feel ourselves bound to gibbet, *in terrorem*, the most atrocious adulterer that has yet disgraced this adulterous age. How do the crimes of Sackville and the Pagets sink into insignificance when compared with those of Thomas Raymond Barker! Theirs were at least not *mercenary* offences—they were instigated either by the less sordid motive of vanity, or by the more resistless incentives of lasciviousness and love. They robbed their trusting friends of domestic happiness, but they did not, in revenge for the discovery of their turpitude, savagely endeavour to render incurable those agonizing wounds which their barbarity had inflicted—but the base despoiler of Mr. Loveden's peace appears before us as a wretch not only destitute of honor, gratitude, and feeling; but as a cold, calculating, sordid adulterer, a *male-prostitute*! a miscreant who sinned, not through lasciviousness, but for *hire*—who absolutely

sold his beastly embraces for *base lucre*—and who meanly received in payment the property of the man whose bed he had dishonoured.

That this was actually the case appears from the following account of goods sent by different tradesmen to Barker by Mrs. Loveden's order.*

	£	s.	d.
Flight and Burr of Worcester, for China†	9	4	0
Dewsberry and Co. Derby china warehouse, Old Bond-street, a set of desert china sent to B. at Merton College	15	6	6
Hancock and Shepherd, Cockspur-street, for cut glass	21	4	8
Churton, Hosier, Oxford-street	21	3	0
Chapman, of Coleman-street, upholsterer	7	18	0
Mann and Harrison, Parliament-street, linen drapers	10	16	0
Grey, Sackville-street, for setting a miniature	3	13	6
Servante, Newgate-street, linen draper	5	4	0
Wirgman, jeweller for a seal‡	4	1	6

* We obtained this account from a *most authentic source*, and our readers may rely on its correctness.

† The day Mrs. Loveden left her husband's house, she put a letter into the post office at Farringdon, containing a remittance for the above, which letter Messrs. Flight and Burr have very properly sent to Mr. Loveden.

‡ We are sorry to state that Mr. Wirgman's conduct on this occasion was such as we should not have expected from any respectable tradesman.—He sent his bill in to Mr. Loveden, who desired to be informed how long Mrs. L. had dealt with him—and what articles she had purchased at his shop: Wirgman not knowing that the adulterous intercourse between her and Barker had been discovered, immediately addressed a letter to Mrs. Loveden at her husband's house, which, on being opened, was found to be full of *apologies* for the *blunder* (as he termed it) of his clerk, “who, not recollecting her charge of *secrecy* had

It is true that Barker, *after the action was commenced against him by Mr. Loveden*, paid for several of these things; but all the tradesmen in the first instance considered Mrs. Loveden as their debtor; indeed, the lady admits the fact in a letter to a friend now in her husband's possession; and in one of the documents published in the appendix to the pamphlet before us, she tells Barker "to remember that she is to find the needful."

Such was Mr. Barker's despicable conduct before his villainy was discovered; his subsequent behaviour has been, if possible, more disgraceful; as will appear by the following extract from the preface of the work we are reviewing, the facts of which can be substantiated by incontrovertible evidence.

"Mr. Loveden applies to her relative (the Rev. John Stoward) to assist her in her defence to the *suit*, (instituted in the ecclesiastical court by Mr. Loveden, after the trial in the King's Bench.) This gentleman expresses his great regret at the conduct of Mrs. Loveden, but sympathising with her misfortune, and in the hope of reformation, promises not to forsake her, if she will for ever relinquish the wretch who is the author of her ruin.—But what does Barker on this occasion? She is induced to reject her cousin's offer, and *Mr. Barker comes forward to assist in the defence of the suit!!!*—Could there be any object, it may be asked, in Barker's interference? Yes, an important one, but which reflects on him additional dishonor.—By the practice of the ecclesiastical court a wife charged with adultery is entitled to an allowance, or *alimony*, as it is called,

dunned her husband. Mr. W. then proceeded to inform her of the contents of the letter he had received from Mr. Loveden, and added that he should not reply to it "*till he had her directions*," and that he would do or say any thing she pleased to get over such an *unpleasant business!!!*

from her husband, until sentence is pronounced. Mr. Loveden was aware of this rule, and knew he must submit ; and, in consequence, to avoid litigation and delay, offered 800*l.* per annum, the very provision made for Mrs. Loveden by her settlement in case of her husband's death. The offer thus made is communicated to Barker, *who rejects it*; and pluming himself on having the particulars of Mr. Loveden's property (which he must have obtained, as it is to be inferred, by a clandestine inspection of Mr. Loveden's private papers in his sanctuary at Berscot, HE" (*Barker the adulterer*) " caused inquisitorial interrogatories to be exhibited against Mr. Loveden, who is put to the very considerable trouble and expence of explicitly answering as to every minutiae of his fortune. The court, however, thought the offer of Mr. Loveden sufficiently liberal, and ordered the 800*l.* only to be paid.—What will the reader's astonishment now be to learn that MRS. LOVEDEN *never knew that such offer had been rejected*, and that SHE was equally *unacquainted* with Mr. Loveden's having been thus publicly interrogated about his fortune, as appeared unquestionably from a letter written to her mother on the subject, and which the latter produced to an intimate friend of the family."

Hence it appears that Barker, not satisfied with the fruits which his *prostitution* had produced previously to Mrs. Loveden's separation from her husband, determined to obtain a further supply from the man he had so basely wronged and so deeply wounded, by means which would have disgraced the most abandoned felon that ever was condemned to transportation or the gallows.

It is observed by the writer of the preface before us, that after a husband has obtained sentence of divorce in the Consistory Court, it is in the power of the wife to appeal against such sentence and compel another trial in the court of ARCHES. This court confirms the former sentence. What then ? She may appeal to the court of De-

legates. The whole of this endless expence is borne by the husband who still continues to pay the wife alimony. "Whether," adds he, "Mr. Barker may think it advisable to harass Mr. Loveden through all these intricate windings of ecclesiastical redress, through all these tedious and expensive stages of delay, is still to be ascertained." p. xiii.

How could any one doubt for a moment that such a miscreant as Barker would hesitate at any act of malignity, any dastardly attempt to gratify his malice and his avarice? Since the above was written *an appeal has actually been made to the court of delegates*; and this male prostitute may receive, for a few months longer, the wages of his brutal services, out of the alimony which his victim is obliged to pay!

So confident was Mr. Barker of having a heavy verdict against him in the Court of King's Bench that he offered to let judgment go by default if Mr. Loveden would consent to take small damages, and we have heard that one of his counsel made a similar offer to Mr. Garrow. How greatly then is it to be lamented that the jury, to the surprize of every person in court (among whom was the writer of this article) should have returned a verdict for this atrocious *defendant*. We never will question the verdict of any jury; in this instance the absolute act of adultery was not specifically proved, but never did we hear stronger presumptive proof. The letters of Mrs. Loveden could not be given in evidence in the Court of King's Bench, but at Doctor's Commons they were considered decisive; and that court has since, without the smallest hesitation, pronounced a *sentence of divorce*. In all trials of this nature by special jury, it behoves the attorneys in the cause to be particularly active in making the necessary enquiries as to the moral character, &c. of the parties original-

ly nominated by proper officer, we were therefore a little surprized to see a *married man* in the jury box, who we knew to be living in adultery with the wife of another. Mr. Barker having thus unexpectedly obtained a verdict, it might have been supposed that common decency would have prevented him from calling on Mr. Loveden for costs. He, however, not only insisted upon the immediate payment thereof, but endeavoured to enhance them as much as possible by charging for his brother's journey from Lowestoffe, whom he swore was a necessary witness, but who was never called.

Thomas Raymond Barker, is, we are given to understand, a fellow of Merton College, and it is also stated that

“ Anticipating from his consciousness of guilt, a verdict against him at law, he had adopted the usual mode with fellows of the university, about to vacate their fellowships, and had put himself upon his year of grace ; but that the verdict most unexpectedly terminating in his favor, he was, upon his solicitation, reinstated in his fellowship ! ! ! ”

We were unwilling to believe this, but upon enquiry we find, to the disgrace of the late warden, that such was actually the fact.

Although he was, from a defect in evidence, acquitted in the King's Bench, Barker has since been legally proved an adulterer in the Ecclesiastical court, and therefore we do not hesitate to affirm, that his being suffered to retain his fellowship is a positive and flagrant violation of the *Statutes of Merton College*, as will appear from the following extract :

“ Quod si publica turpitudinis nota eorum (*sociorum*) aliquem involverit. Aut grave scandalum, in ipsa domo, per eorum aliquem fuerit suscitatum ; vel adeo intolerabilis erga magistrum aliosq ; prepositos, aut impacificus erga socios ; seu

jurgiorum suscitator creber extiterit, dicta sibi sustentatio seu exhibitio omnino subrahatur et ipse a dicta congregatione penitus excludatur. Hoc tamen moderamine circa delicta, ut si de perjurio, sacrilegio, furto, seu *rapina*, homicidio, ADULTERIO, vel alio lapsu carnis gravi percussione socii, vel quod deterius est, Magistri, per testes idoneos aut alios indubitanter coram dicto superiore, assidentibus sibi sex vel septem senioribus dictæ domus, evidenter appareat: hoc solum semel commissum, sufficiat *ut expulsionem seu ejectionem dictæ domus dignissimus habeatur.*"

Let it not be imagined that we are influenced in the opinion we have given of Mr. Barker's conduct either by private enmity to him, or friendship for Mr. Loveden:—we are alike strangers to both. The pamphlet was lent us for perusal by a neighbour, and we were so shocked at the proofs of meanness and turpitude which it contained, that we exerted ourselves to obtain such documents as would enable us to inflict, with safety, that exemplary punishment which the atrocity of the case required. Such crimes—such grovelling baseness as Mr. Barker's, ought to be known from one end of the kingdom to the other, that husbands and fathers, honour and honesty, may be upon their guard; and, when any one of the name of Barker is introduced into their society, cautiously enquire whether he be the despicable and mercenary *male prostitute* who destroyed the peace of an hospitable and trusting friend, and who received from the woman whom he had taught to dishonour her husband's bed, the wages of his *base and bestial* conduct. So quick and so fatal is the contagion of depravity, that Mrs. Loveden (for the honour of her sex we regret to say it) appears to have become almost as infamous as her vile seducer. When a woman has once transgressed the bounds of virtue,

she soon plunges into the very abyss of profligacy:— We doubt if the most loathsome prostitute that walks the streets of London would have had the indelicacy to write such a letter as that from Mrs. Loveden to Barker, which is printed in page 218 of the pamphlet under our consideration.

Grore and brutal indeed must be the wretch's appetite that would not shrink with disgust from the perusal of its filthy contents.

Let us hope and trust that there is not, among our lovely country-women, a being so lost to every sense of modesty, so completely devoid of delicacy and feminine feeling, as this most loathsome epistle proves its unfortunate, polluted, and degraded writer.

An Elegy to the Memory of Thomas Paine, to which is added his Epitaph, and a Sonnett written in the chamber in which he was born. By THOMAS CLIO RICKMAN. 1810.

LET not this poor drivelling *straw-decked* *maniac imagine that we consider either him or his wretched lines of sufficient importance to arrest the attention of the Satirist; we merely notice the latter because they enable us to introduce to our readers, by way of contrast, an epitaph on the scoundrel Paine, written by a more notorious, and, we verily believe, a more atrocious miscreant than this petty-fogging poetaster; who may at any rate plead *idiotism* in extenuation of his contemptible endeavour to excite our pity for one of the most mischievous traitors that ever disgraced our country.—It would really be insulting our readers to make any elaborate extracts from *Rickman's Elegy*. We shall therefore content ourselves

* Poor *Clio* always appears abroad in a straw hat.

with exhibiting the two following stanzas, which are a very fair specimen of the whole :

“ And often thus, amid my troublous days
 A life eventful, and of varied *hue*
 Has HOPE shone on me with benignant rays
 And present evils taught me to subdue,
 Fallacious CHARMER ! long my soul enjoy'd
 The pleasing *hope* to cross the Atlantic main ;
 But cruel Death the promised bliss destroy'd
 And snatch'd, with unrelenting hand, my PAINE !”

A reasonable being might ask how cruel *Death*, or the snatching of his *Paine* could have prevented *Clio* from crossing the Atlantic, seeing that the poor devil has not yet followed his impious and blasphemous friend to the infernal regions ? *but* we doubt if any reasonable being will think it worth his while to make any enquiry after such an uninteresting driveller as *Thomas Clio Rickman*, although he be (as he proudly vaunts) brother-in-law to Mr. Capel Lofft, a gentleman who would fain be esteemed the patron of pauper poets, but whose protection is as fatal to sapling laurels as the destructive shade of the pestiferous yew tree.

The aforesaid *Clio* has tagged half a dozen couplets to the tail of his elegy, which he calls an ‘ *Epitaph on Thomas Paine* ;’ but instead of quoting these we shall present our readers with *another* epitaph, written in a paroxysm of loyalty, by the very miscreant who is now applauding and abetting the mischievous views of that convicted and outlawed traitor. We scarcely need add that the author’s name is WILLIAM COBBETT.

Epitaph on Tom Paine. *

When the wight who here lies beneath the cold earth
 First quitted the land that had given him birth,
 He commenced the apostle of bloodshed and strife
 And practised the trade to the end of his life ;
 Sedition and nonsense and lies to dispense,
 He took up the title of "*old common sense*,"
 Taught poor honest men how rich rogues to keep under
 Excited to pillage, and shared in the plunder ;
 But when there no longer was plunder to share,
 His "*common sense*" led him to seek it elsewhere.
 To his countrymen now he returned back again
 The wronger of rights and *the righter of men* ;
 He told them they still were a nation of slaves
 That their king was a fool and his ministers knaves ;
 And the only sure way for the people to thrive
 Was to leave neither one nor the other alive.
 But Thomas who never knew when he should stop
 Went a little too far and was catch'd on the hop :
 In short 'twas determined that poor Tom should lose
 His ears at a post, or his life in a noose ;
 "*Old common sense*" boggles, then skulks out of sight
 Then packs up his rags and decamps in the night,
 His arrival at Paris occasions a *fête*
 And he finds in the den of assassins a seat ;
 Here he murders and thieves, and makes laws for a season,
 Is cramn'd in a dungeon and preaches up "*Reason* ;"
 Blasphemes the Almighty—lives in filth like a hog,
 Is abandon'd in death and interred like a dog†.

* Written when Paine was supposed to be dead.

† Paine has since actually been buried in America with the same ceremony and lamentation that is usual at the funeral of a cur.

Tom Paine for the devil is surely a match
 In hanging old England *he cheated Jack-Catch**,
 In France (the first time such a thing had been seen)
 He cheated the watchful and sharp guillotine ;
 And at last to the *sorrow of all the beholders*
 He march'd out of life *with his head on his shoulders.*

From COBBETT'S Works, vol. 3, page 396.

A Letter from Cataline to the surviving Members of the constitutional and other Societies of the year 1794, or Symptoms of the Times. By a barrister. J. J. Stockdale, 41, Pall Mall, p p. 28, price 1s. 6d.

We have been highly gratified by the perusal of this ironical and admirably-written little pamphlet, and we wish it could be read by every man in the united kingdom, but particularly by those short-sighted *saintly senators* whose tender consciences are continually urging them to diminish the influence of the crown, and whose worm-like labours are far more destructive to the constitution than the open and violent attacks of the JACOBINS and REFORMERS.—We earnestly recommend the following extract, as indeed we do the whole work, to the attention of MR. BANKS, and his *save-farthing* committees.

“The people of England have foolish prejudices in favour of Monarchy : they were formed at an early and unenlightened period, and have been transmitted to posterity uncanvassed and unexamined. The French people, too, had prejudices of the same sort ; it was reserved for the philosophy of modern times, to oppose themselves to the influence of such prejudices, and strip monarchy of its delusion. The patriots, therefore,

• We hope the poet will scorn to do the like.

who effected the French revolution, aimed their first blow at monarchy and its dignity, as the most effectual mode of revolutionizing the country. The foibles, the indiscretions, the follies of the Royal Family, were magnified into vices and crimes. The King was divested of power by piecemeal. The people advanced their pretensions, and the King was lowered by concessions. Stripped of dignity and of power, the want of both rendered him a cypher in the government; and when so lowered and reduced, that was urged as a reason, why he was an useless and unnecessary part of it; and the guillotine at once annihilated him and his office.

“By means more covert, but not less sure, are we proceeding, and we anticipate the same glorious issue from them. In France the people told the King, that the power of the crown was inordinate: that it should be retrenched. To proceed by the same steps here would be to alarm the well-affected. No! we profess no views openly hostile to the Crown. We mask them as done only to serve the people. But the effect is the same; to strip prerogative of its best ornaments, and make the power of the Crown as contemptible as it will be feeble. Thus our proceedings create no alarm, and are forwarded by those whose views are too limited to see how they will terminate.”
page 7.

THEATRES.

Cum tabulis animum censoris sumet honesti. HOR.

THOSE were sad times when men were put to the torture to compel a confession of crimes. When they happened to be innocent and had nothing to confess, not only

their bodies but their invention must have been put to the rack, to say something that might satisfy their tormentors. The situation to which we now find ourselves reduced as Dramatic Critics, enables us to form a perfect conception of the misery of such a condition. It is true, indeed that our bodies are not exposed to torture, but the present state of the stage affords so little subject for the operation of the judgment, that to say any thing about it, we must most unmercifully torture our imagination. There seems to be a sort of tide in the productions of the stage: last month it rose above high-water mark, and now it has retired to its lowest ebb. Or perhaps modern productions may be more aptly likened to a shoal of mackarel: last month there was a glut of them, but they presently grew stale and were thrown aside, and now the market is quite empty. The DOUBTFUL SON of Mr. Dimond, the poet of roses and lilies and pinks and dew-drops, has lingered out its *doubtful* existence and expired; notwithstanding Mr. Dimond in his preface spoke so confidently of "the popularity it had acquired," notwithstanding he asserted that every critic whose opinion possessed any esteem in society had extolled it, and notwithstanding that "from a wish to be ingenuous sincerely speaking he pronounced it to be a good play!" Mr. Eyre, the actor, turns out to be author of the comical comedy of *High Life in the City*: it seems that he and the critics cannot agree about the merits of this play: it is very odd that people will dispute about things which have no existence. Mr. Eyre says he writes because he has a large family, which he has no other means of providing for: his exertions, therefore, on this score deserve our praise, and we sincerely hope that his play has been as profitable to him as it is dull, and we are certain he will then have no reason to be dissatisfied.

If there were not something very comic in Mrs. Glover's grief, whenever she wanders from her own department, into the tragic walk, so that the heroines of tragedy have here no representative with whom we can sympathize, and if Mr. Sowerby were something less affected and pedantic in his manner, we should have little reason to complain of the company of performers at this theatre, which we should visit with much more pleasure if the veil of decency were thrown over the licentiousness of the boxes and lobby.

MIDAS has been restored at the LYCEUM (we mean no allusion to the manager) we speak simply of the burletta. Phillips performs the part of Apollo with much gaiety, and Smith is an excellent Pan. A pantomime called Jack the Giant Killer, has been produced here, in which a little fellow of the name of Ivers, not above five years old, plays the hero with great spirit. If it had been brought out during the Betty mania, the burlesque might have restored the public to their senses.

We have nothing further to add; and now, gentle reader, dismiss us from the rack.

COMPARATIVE CRITICISM.

Non nostrum TANTAS componere lites?—VIRGIL.

Who shall decide when DOCTORS disagree?—POPE.

1. A Picture of Madrid, by Christian Augustus Fischer.

"We can assure the reader that he will find this a *very lively and agreeable* performance."—Critical Review.

"It is *shocking* to see the noblest nation under heaven so vilified and traduced as they are by this rotten-hearted writer."—Annual Review.

2. Historical Account of the Charter-House, by a Carthusian (Mr. Smythe).

"If Mr. Smythe ever writes another book of antiquities, we hope he will first get rid of his fondness for *sentimental nonsense*; which is totally unfitted to the pursuit in which he is engaged."—Critical Review.

"The chief merit of the style is, that it is *plain and unaffected*."—Monthly Review.

3. The Credibility of the Jewish Exodus defended against some Remarks of Edward Gibbon, Esq. &c.; by the Reverend W. Cockburn.

"—Having thus degraded the people whose history he undertakes to defend, Mr. Cockburn's next step is to *degrade the divine wisdom*. While he refutes Gibbon, he *unawares refutes himself*.—We could point out other instances of the same *crude and injudicious* mode of interpretation. We must take the liberty of reminding Mr. Cockburn, of the consequences which may arise from hasty and *unsound* publications like the present."—Quarterly Review.

"—That these replies"[to Gibbon]"are *sound* and conclusive, cannot, we think, be denied. Nor ought Mr. Cockburn to be denied the commendation which we give him very cordially of having taken arms with *vigour* and *effect* against the enemies of christianity."—British Critic.

4. The History of Don Francisco de Miranda's Attempt to effect the Revolution in South America, by James Biggs.

"—This plain tale has been wrought into a whimsical assemblage of *exaggerations* and contradictions by Mr. Biggs. We shall proceed to notice a few *misrepresentations*. It is of little consequence to enter into a specific refutation of others of Mr. Biggs's *mis-statements*. Whoever reads the work before us, will find in it a *spirit* of HOSTILITY towards general Miranda," &c. Monthly Review.

"Though we cannot congratulate the author on the lucid order of his narrative, yet we think that *much praise* is due to the IMPARTIALITY and regard for truth which he displays." Critical Review.

5. Strictures on Subjects chiefly relating to the Established Religion and the Clergy, by the Reverend Josiah Thomas.

"We are happy to find, in these times of *peril* and alarm, that there are men of sense, information, and piety, not inattentive to the scenes which are passing around them; *faithful watchmen* who do not sleep on their posts, but who *proclaim* to their brethren the *danger* which *threatens* them. Whatever may be the fate of the establishment, a Thomas," &c. "will not have to reproach themselves with having contributed, by their silent acquiescence to produce them."—Antijacobin Review.

"For making this one disturbance, perhaps, the members of the establishment in general may be willing to *laugh at* Mr. Thomas, and forgive him; but he will certainly provoke their indignation if he should again, by such an *idle* and noisy alarm, interrupt them in their business, their studies, or their pastoral vocations."—Eclectic Review.

6. An Attempt to elucidate the pernicious Consequences of a Deviation from the Principles of the Orders in Council.

"This writer's mind is in a most unfit state for a train of reasoning."—Monthly Review.

"There is a great deal of good sense and sound argument in this little work."—Beau Monde.

7. Theodore and Blanche, or the Victims of Love; from the French of Madame Cottin.

"This little story may excite some interest in those who depend on the circulating library for all their pleasurable studies. The translation has been very hastily executed: the diction is often barbarous, and the grammar is not seldom inaccurate." Monthly Review.

"Madame Cottin has obtained some celebrity as a writer of these sort of things in her own country, to which limits we heartily wish it were confined. It is so well translated, that we wish the translator had been otherwise and better employed." British Critic.

8. The Bachelor, a Novel; by Thomas George Moore, Esq.

"This tale is agreeably written. The bachelor is gradually led on through a series of interesting adventures."—Beau Monde.

"In the present publication Mr. Moore has mistaken absurdity for originality, triteness for wit, and the grossest and most unmeaning caricature for a portrait of life and manners." Critical Review.

W. N. Jones, Printer, Old Bailey, London.